Fie,liueleſſe picture,cold,and ſenceleſſe ſtone,
Well painted idoll,image dull and dead,
Statüe contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man,but of no woman bred:
  Thou art no man,though of a mans complexion,
  For men will kiſſe euen by their owne direction.

This ſaid,impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And ſwelling paſſion doth prouoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaſe forth her wrong:
Being iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
  And now ſhe weeps,& now ſhe faine wold ſpeake,
  And now her ſobs do her intendments breake.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head,and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him,now on the ground;
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band,
She would,he will not in her armes be bound:
  And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
  She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe ſaith,ſince I haue hemd thee here
Within the circuit of this iuorie pale,
Ile be the parke,and thou ſhalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt,on mountaine,or in dale;
  Graze on my lips,and if thoſe hils be drie,
  Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lye.

Within

Within this limit is releſe inough,
Sweet bottome graſſe, and high delightfull plaine,
Round riſing hillocks,brakes obſcure,and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt, and from raine:
  Then be my deare, ſince I am ſuch a parke,
  No dog ſhall rouze thee,though a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles as in diſdaine,
That in each cheeke appeares a prettie dimple;
Loue made thoſe hollowes,if himſelfe were ſlaine,
He might be buried in a tombe ſo ſimple,
  Foreknowing well, if there he came to lye,
  Why there loue liu'd,& there he could not die.

Theſe louely caues,theſe round inchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Strucke dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
  Poore Queene of loue,in thine own law forlorne,
  To loue a cheeke that ſmiles at thee in ſcorne.

Now which way ſhall ſhe turne? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing,
The time is ſpent,her obiect will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releaſing:
  Pitie ſhe cries,ſome fauour,ſome remorſe;
  Away he ſprings,and haſteth to his horſe.